

eration of its men toward all women. If the soft-voiced English child, reared in an atmosphere of respect for age and deference to superiors, needs such an organization, how much more does the obstreperous American youngster, whose "I don't think so" is a common retort to counsel from his elders!

Professor Meikeljohn, of St. Andrew's University, is the President of the guild, and among its vice presidents may be counted men and women of rank and eminent in authorship, among them Sir Walter Besant. In 1899 the membership in different towns was reported as twenty-five thousand, and it has since had large accessions. In a report from the Nottingham center we find the membership in that town to be nearly eight thousand. Even children of six years join the guild and try to carry out the rule "Help your parents as much as you can." According to the report, "They say they can sweep the hearth, wash up, find father's slippers, fetch the milk," etc.

In the list of rules, which are divided into rules for "courtesy to self, courtesy at home, courtesy at school, courtesy at play, courtesy in the street, courtesy in the street, courtesy at table, courtesy everywhere," we notice injunctions like the following: Do not mark or write on doors or walls; do not make slides on the pavement—this often results in dangerous accidents; do not make fun of old or crippled people; never interrupt when a person is speaking." What a boon if twenty-five thousand American children would pledge themselves to try to observe this last rule! The spirit of the whole movement is perhaps best exemplified by the stanza from the little publication, "Courtesy," which is the organ of the guild:

"A smile, a word, a touch,
And each is easily given;
Yet either may win
A soul from sin,
Or smooth the way to heaven.
A smile may lighten the failing heart,
A word may soften pain's keenest smart
A touch may lead us from sin apart—
How easy either is given!"

Any boy or girl between the ages of five and fifteen can become a member by paying one penny and signing the declaration, in which a promise is made of special endeavor to observe the rules, which are printed on the certificate of membership. Branches of the guild are formed by adult "correspondents," who have the power of suspending members. These correspondents receive instructions from headquarters and carry out the work with that system and co-operation without which enthusiasm and interest would soon wane. Certificates and diplomas are awarded to members after certain years of membership, and these serve to encourage membership and promote a worthy pride in it.

An admirable reading book for school children about ten years old, entitled "Courtesy, A reader for Old Boys and Girls," written by H. E. Norton, is published by Macmillan, and serves, with its stories and

illustrations, to emphasize the kindly thought for others and the true spirit of service and patriotism which this unique and notable guild is trying to promote.

In many American homes lack of manners is fast becoming something akin to lack of morals. The grandmother and guest are frequently forced into a secondary position in conversation, the tea-table talk being monopolized by children's chatter and clamor. Deference to age is conspicuous by its absence. The child is encouraged to think of himself first and others last, for fear that his "spontaneity" be checked. Among well bred Europeans the American child is usually considered a nuisance, to be held up as a warning. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer tells a good story of her experience in a German railway train, when a tiny Karl, who had committed some little rudeness, was reproved in a shocked tone by his mother. "My son," said she, "What shall I do with you? You behave just like an American child." Evidently nothing more crushing could have been said. The traveler who had once lived with foreign children and observed their sweet courtesies and absence, of pertness, and has seen how happy children are in considering others, may well desire that our active, vigorous American children may add a new grace to the other charms which make them the light and joy of our homes.

The school is compelled today to do much that the home neglects. Might not an American Guild of Courtesy do something to accomplish the result so devoutly to be wished.—The Congregationalist.

Talents

"I remember," said Grannie, "when I was a little girl of seven years old, my father kept a butler—very solemn but very kind old man.

"Every night when, exactly as the clock struck eight, my aunt sent me out of the dining-room to go upstairs to bed by myself—for the little girls were brought up very strictly in those days—old Thomas was always waiting in the hall to hand me my little brass candlestick to light me up the five long flights of stairs which I had to climb to the little atticroom where I slept. I always said 'Goodnight, Thomas,' and he would reply in a very slow, solemn way, 'Goodnight, Miss Nannie; don't forget to take account of your servants!'

"What he meant was this: My Uncle William, who had come home from India when I was about six years old, had been very kind to me while he stayed with my father, because he saw that I was a very lonely little child in a very big, empty house: for I had neither mother, brother nor sister. So he would often take me on his knee and tell me Bible stories.

"One day when we were sitting together in an old summer house in the small back garden which town houses generally have, he told me the parable of the 'Talents.'

"Nannie," he said, 'I am going away very soon, and I want you to promise me that every night before you get into bed you will 'take account of your servants.'

"There are many 'talents' God has given other children not to you, for you are a lonely little girl—no mother to love you, no brothers or sisters to play with you. But there are many 'talents' you have which some other children have not.

"See here," he said, taking my little hands in his, 'here are ten little fingers, and down there inside that mouth is a little tongue; and at each side of this neat brown head is an ear; and looking straight up at me are two brown eyes. Now, these are all your servants, or 'talents,' given to you by God to use—while many little children are lame or dumb or deaf or blind,—and you are his little servant, and I want you every night to 'take account of your servants,' and find out if they have been pleasing God or only pleasing yourself all thru the day.

"For all those servants of yours are 'talents,' or gifts from God, and he is watching every day now what you give them to do, and one day he will make you give an account of their doings.'

"And then, after I had promised to do as he told me, he kissed me and set me down, and away I ran, to my old friend Thomas, to tell him in my own way all about what uncle William had said.

"And from that time until my aunt took me away to live in the country, old Thomas never forgot every night to say, 'Don't forget to take account of your servants, Miss Nannie.'

—Great Thoughts.

Sisters' S. C. E.

S. S. C. E. AS A MEANS OF CULTIVATING THE GRACE OF GIVING

ELLEN GNAGEY LICHTY

The S. S. C. E. has no use for anybody that is too lazy to work. If you want to be an active S. S. C. E. member you must work. We have no more use for lazy members than Paul had, and he said "if any would not work neither should he eat." As much as to say if you are too lazy to work you ought to be in glory. Paul also says, "Let him labour working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." I do not suppose that this giving has reference to giving to the lazy and indifferent. I imagine if Paul was living today, he would proclaim from the housetops in tones that would almost make this old earth quake. Give to your hard-working ministers. Give to our hard-working and starving missionaries. Give to the College, support your institutions to make preachers to proclaim the gospel to this sin-cursed world. You old misers that are storing up money and farms and houses, get rid of God's belongings, and pour them out in God's treasury where they belong and many souls may be saved and you will re-